

DEL VALLE DOINGS.

A Bright New Letter From Our Regular Correspondent.

Special Correspondence to The Statesman.

DEL VALLE, Texas, May 27, 1893.

Crops are splendid—more advanced than they have been for several years. Cotton is very large and corn is higher than a man's head with but few tassels. This dry, hot weather isn't very good on the corn, but it isn't suffering; the sun is what we need for the cotton. Its heat causes it to spring up like weeds. The worm is troubling us but little this year, the lice hold the day. They are proving real destructive to some. Mr. W. H. Brown's cotton is almost killed, but if the hot weather continues he has hopes of its continuing in growth. Mr. J. P. Burch has the best cotton and Mr. Carl Hilscher the best corn in the valley. Both deserve a compliment on their diligent work.

Albert Costley's place has a good crop on it. Some of the cotton is late, but it is "coming a rushing." His hands are chopping and plowing constantly.

Picnics and fights are an old thing to us now. The latest picnic was last Sunday. A crowd of Germans from Austin spent the day on Onion creek. Several other smaller crowds enjoyed the day in a more milder form on the creek.

Never before has there been half so many people from Austin. I saw! I knew the dam site wouldn't be much of a sight long. Del Valle's scenery and cool, shady places suitable for the young lovers' tete-a-tetes is what the folks want. Come, folks, we love to see you; love to have you visit our neighborhood and see what advancements we have made—what industrious folks.

The Sunday school at Devotion schoolhouse had a picnic last Saturday week. It rained all day and the folks—good little fellows—had to sit in their wagons and hallowed to each other until their lungs were sore.

The house of Mr. S. G. Yeagin was entered by a negro the other night about 2 o'clock. His object is unknown, but theft is the supposition. Mrs. Yeagin saw, as she supposed, her daughter standing by her bed. She spoke to her as she went closer, when, without warning, the negro ran over her, for it was a negro instead of her daughter. Mr. Yeagin couldn't leave his wife to pursue the "blackbird," therefore he escaped. Such characters are numerous here lately. If caught they should be severely dealt with, not by the law but by the lash, as in olden times. It would do more good than anything else.

The cold spell last Tuesday was short lived, and real glad we are that it was so, for hot times is what does the cotton good.

Miss Weeden of Austin has been spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. A. L. Givens.

A few select families retired to the creek and spent a very pleasant day last Thursday.

Decorations Day at San Antonio.

SAN ANTONIO, May 30.—The Decoration Day procession included all the local military and most of the civic societies. At the burial grounds when the digger societies had been arranged a prayer was offered by Chaplain H. H. Alvord. Captain Winthrop delivered the memorial address. Tonight at Turner Hall a memorial entertainment was given by the Women's Relief corps.

Killed About a Woman.

SPECIAL TO THE STATESMAN. PARIS, May 30.—Yesterday morning Henry Smith and Thos. Williams, living on the Lynch farm, met at McCormick's store. They were soon in a quarrel. Williams fired two shots from a double-barreled shotgun, the first load striking Smith in the side of the head and face; the second, fired while he was on the ground, lodging in the back and neck. Officers were sent for to hold an inquest but on their arrival Smith was found to be still living and the inquest was held up while Williams was arrested to await results. A woman is the cause of the affair.

Lace curtaining at the Bargain store for \$1.

Strike of Kansas Miners.

LEVENEWORTH, Kan., May 30.—A strike of union miners here will take place tomorrow. Today is holiday at the mines and none of the miners are working. Charles Peet, secretary of the local union says there will be a general walk out. If this happens 400 men will stop work.

Murdered for His Money.

SPECIAL TO THE STATESMAN. BRENNHAM, Tex., May 30.—An old man named James Thurmond was murdered for his money at Buckhorn last night. Will Johnson and Walter Mason, negro gamblers, were arrested as the murderers and jailed at Hempstead today.

Hamburg's Water Supply.

HAMBURG, May 30.—This city is now supplied with water from new filter beds. Connections of mains with waters of Elbe have been cut.

An Accident.

A driver of a beer wagon ran over a lady down on East Sixth street late yesterday afternoon. She fortunately escaped without serious injury. The driver was arrested for careless driving and gave bond for his appearance this morning.

Charged With Horse Theft.

Constable Waller of Bee Cave yesterday brought in a white man named Geo. Wilkins, charged with horse theft, and lodged him in jail to await his trial.

The President's Cottage.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., May 30.—President Cleveland's cottage at Saranac Inn has been completely renovated. It is stated the president will occupy it during July.

WILLING TO MAKE ALLOWANCES.

A Kind Hearted Farmer Who Said Perhaps the Furrows Were Sun Warped.

A certain eminent clergyman, who is greatly loved for his gentleness and forbearance with offenders, recently told a man that an experience of his own in years long gone by taught him the grace of ready excusing. When he was a boy, he was a very poor boy, but he had already a strong theological bent and was studying hard during the winter and working even harder during the summer trying to get a preparation for college. He wanted to be a preacher, and the fact that he didn't seem to be good for anything else tended to convince him that he had not mistaken his calling.

One spring he was entirely out of money and had to get out of school and go to work. Not being able to find anything to do in the small college town where he had been studying, the youth—call him Richard Vernon—went out among the farmers to see if he could get work from them. He found a man who was very busy with his spring's work and in a hurry to get the furrows plowed in a big field for potato planting. The weather was favorable for planting; the farmer's boys would be home from school the next day, which was Saturday, to do the dropping and covering. He told Richard that he might mark out the field with the plow for the planting, and if he suited he might be hired for two or three months. Meantime the farmer saw that the boy was very anxious to stay, and that he had evidently a very good disposition.

So the young theologian went to work with tremendous vigor. He did not stop to take breath until he had marked off a large tract of ground with deep furrows. Then came his employer from his work in another part of the farm and looked at the boy's work and leaned up against the fence and laughed until he shook. The potato field had been scraped and scalloped all over with the ridiculously irregular and wabbling little ditches which Richard had turned. There was not a clean, straight furrow in the lot. The ground looked as if an insane elephant had tossed up the earth. The furrows were of all depths and at all distances from one another, for Richard had driven the horse most of the time at a smart walk, and he had been too much occupied with keeping up and maintaining a precarious grasp upon the plow handles to be able to pay any attention to the regularity or evenness of his work.

Richard Vernon laughed, too, as he stood and looked over the field. He wiped the sweat from his brow and looked very anxiously at his employer. There was no chance for regular work there, that was evident. His laughter faded away, and there was a certain faint twitch in the corners of his mouth as the boy said:

"I guess you don't want any more of my work, sir?"

"Oh, yes—yes, I do," said the farmer. "Maybe 'tain't your fault that the furrows are crooked. You see, the sun's pretty hot today, and I reckon the heat warped 'em!"—Boston Transcript.

Only a Little Thing.

A hospital for incurables is a very noble and worthy charity, and I am glad that no prominent city is without a provision for this class of sufferers. I wish, however, that the brutally descriptive name of such institutions could be so modified as not to contain the death warrant of every person received within their doors. "A place to die in" is not a cheerful title for one's last earthly home, and the omission of this reminder from the official name could so easily be supplied in the rules for admittance that to parade it seems worse than useless. It is wonderful how a little consideration sweetens the bread of charity.

I once visited a home for broken down gentlefolks, presided over by a woman who made giving and receiving alike blessed. I faltered thoughtlessly to the old people as "inmates." "We never call them 'inmates,'" said she in a tone of gentle reproof. "I always have them spoken of as 'guests.' It makes so little difference to us and so much to them."—Kate Field's Washington.

Noah Left the Ark on April 29.

Saturday, April 29, is the day marked in all ancient calendars as being the one upon which Noah and his family quitted the ark after having withstood the siege of the great deluge. The day is marked in all ancient calendars, especially British, as *ogressus Noe* de arca, the 17th of March, the day upon which Noah, his family and their great floating collection of natural history specimens set sail, being designated in the same class of early printed literature as *introtus Noe* in arca, "the day of Noah's entrance into the ark." Why these days were chosen as the ones upon which the supposed embarkation and debarkation were made are enigmas which the antiquarians have not yet solved.—St. Louis Republic.

A Comforting Assurance. Mrs. Placey, an old lady who had been dying for the last 10 years, was drawing upon little Robbie's sympathy one day by telling him she wouldn't be here much longer and he must think of her often. "Never mind, Mrs. Placey," said Robbie, who had just been taking part in the Decoration day exercises; "I'll put flowers on your grave every Saturday and a United States flag."—Springfield Homestead.

Sweet Revenge.

M. Colombes, a merchant of Paris, had his revenge on a former sweetheart, a lady of Rouen, when he left her by will a legacy of \$6,000 for having, some 20 years before, refused to marry him, "through which," states the will, "I was enabled to live independently and happily as a bachelor."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Days of Grace Abolished.

In California, Vermont, Oregon, Idaho, Utah and Wisconsin days of grace on maturing notes, drafts, acceptances and bills of exchange have been abolished, unless there is express stipulation to the contrary.—Detroit Free Press.

WHEN ARE WE "LADIES?"

Mrs. John Is Surprised to Discover That It Is Not All of the Time.

"I had an experience today," said Mrs. John as she broke off a bit of her soup bread last night and began daintily to sip her cream of asparagus.

"You have so many," I replied, "that it should be no novelty, and they are all interesting." I finished invitingly, though I knew I should get the "experience" without this little sop.

Mrs. John merely arched her eyebrows. "It was a small one," she went on, "but it is one of so many similar that it set me to thinking afterward during my ride up town."

I waited.

"I was in a shop near a crowded counter to which I vainly tried to get access, when I saw a woman complete her purchase, pay her money and stand waiting for the change. I thought this an opportunity, and I spoke to her: 'May I have your place, please, if you are through?' 'Not until I am through,' she replied coldly, without even turning her head, and she stood there nearly five minutes longer before parcels and coins were handed to her."

"I think," I replied, "she was a telephone girl."

"She was a very disobliging woman, certainly," said Mrs. John, "and at the elevated station I met another. I was carving the joint, so I only scowled."

"I stood waiting my turn in the line with two men before me," continued Mrs. John, "when this woman walked up and along the line and calmly thrust herself before us all."

"Well, isn't that what you call woman's progress?" I couldn't help inquiring. "It was one woman's progress," retorted Mrs. John, "and everybody hated her for it."

Then she dropped her vehemence and became discursive.

"It was this double experience which, as I said, set me to thinking. I began to wonder when we are 'ladies,' if at all."

"We are not certainly when we do either of these selfish and unjust things, nor pushing and scrambling around a bargain counter, nor spreading our skirts over two seats in a filling street car. We are not when in church or elsewhere we are overcome with the consciousness of being better dressed than our neighbors, nor when we are devouring a bit of gossip, repeating and enlarging upon it; nor, indeed, when we are scolding the children, quarreling with servants or regarding, if we are boarders, our landlady as a neutral enemy."

"Nor when," I helped Mrs. John, "as last summer in the mountains that healthy young woman refused to give up her big room over Sunday to accommodate four persons with no other shelter, while a perfectly comfortable single room was at her disposal, and it had been in the bond of her contract to let rates that she should occasionally, if required."

"No, indeed," echoed Mrs. John, who was one of the unhappy four, "I shall never forgive that girl."

Then she caught my eye, and we both laughed.

"It's no laughing matter," she finished defiantly, "then or now. It is a pity rather that there should be so many women who would scorn to be called 'ladies' who have only a thin parlor veneer of manners."

And I said "So it is."—New York Times.

The All the Year Round Bathing Club.

The All the Year Round Bathing club of London was up to a few years ago quite a prominent institution in the eyes of sanitary scientists, though of late years it seems to have relapsed into a condition of innocuous desuetude. Its members simply pledged themselves to bathe in the Serpentine river every morning in the year. It is hardly necessary to say that none but the strongest constitutions are able to comply with the rules, but a sturdy body of men of varying ages for several years carried out the obligations to the letter, and when it was necessary they would cheerfully break the ice before entering the river.

Medical men frequently accompanied the bathers, and quite a number of papers appeared in the medical journals setting forth the good and bad effects of bathing every morning before 5 a. m. in running water.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Influence of Association.

One sometimes wonders at the singular lapses into slovenly and illiterate blunders conspicuous in men and women who "should know better." True, they should and probably do know better, but in daily practice few people rise very much above the ordinary level of those with whom they always converse. A city bred girl went to live in a part of the country where provincialisms are the current coin of daily talk. Returning a few years later to her home, no one would have supposed her to be the same person, so many queer little phrases and downright forms of speech, inelegant and lacking in good form, had she, a very susceptible person, picked up and adopted.—Harper's Bazar.

In a Restaurant.

A customer once ordered a brace of grouse with chips for a party of nine. On my bringing them to table his face was a perfect study, and he exclaimed: "Why, I thought they were as big as geese!" He then took me on one side and explained that he was unable to pay for grouse all round, and finally they all had grill.—London Tit-Bits.

Too Dangerous.

"It is said that Sam Ruggles, the lady killer, is dead gone on that pretty Miss Green. Why don't you warn her?" "Thanks, I never play with matches."—Detroit Free Press.

Just as Easily Worded.

Mrs. Cumso—I advertised for a plain cook today.

Mr. Cumso—While didn't you advertise for a pretty one while you were about it?—Truth.

DEAR...

Once Cupid was a little mischievous boy. And ruling as he did, he played a trick. For he'd lost both his bow and his arrows at play and all of a quiver was left.

"What arms have I now," cried the child in despair.

"To kindle the heart into flame? My power is vanished! Oh, I'll shall I fare in lands that are loveless and tame."

At the thought of this bitterest cup he must sup—

His tears into rivulets ran, But they suddenly stopped, and a laugh bubbled up.

To his lips, for he thought of a plan:

"How foolish, how foolish, this sorrow to show. To fill all the air with my sighs! For what is the need of my arrow and bow When I can use Nellie's gray eyes?"

—Rowan Stevens in Kate Field's Washington.

Staggered by Finger Bowls.

A very amusing scene occurred once while I was serving a lady and gentleman of the unmistakable upstart type. They were grossly ignorant of the most elementary rules of table etiquette, shoveling the food into their mouths with their knives, which were constantly loaded half way up to the handles. They managed to struggle through their dinner, sometimes casting aside knives and forks and attacking game and poultry by cutting them in halves and eating from their hands, holding the leg. Sometimes, too, they became ridiculously polite by carving bread with knife and fork, but the climax came when I set two bowls of rosewater before them as finger glasses.

They looked at each other, and then cautiously around the room, trying to find some solution of the mysterious dish before them, not having the sense to ignore it altogether. Whispered consultations took place, which presently grew into a suppressed quarrel, the lady reproaching her lord for his ignorance. Suddenly she was seen to shake the water around and around, and finally, with a look of contempt and superior wisdom, she raised the bowl to her lips and drank all the contents. Needless to say that the hearty laughter of the other diners made them feel the mistake, and they beat a hasty retreat.—London Tit-Bits.

Mud Shoes For Horses.

We doubt if very many persons ever saw mud shoes for horses. They are used on horses in plowing the low and wet lands of the valley north of Summer nearly every spring. The mud shoe consists of a heavy board about 8 inches wide and from 8 to 10 inches long, rounding in the front. On this board a red-hot shoe of the size worn on the horse's foot for which it is intended is placed until it burns into it to a depth almost sufficient to bury itself. It is necessary that the shoe have a long toe and long corks. A piece of circular band iron is fit over the top part of the hoof is then attached to the board and over the hoof to hold the mud shoe solidly to the foot.

One end of the band is fastened to the board with a screw, which when tightened holds the board as squarely to the bottom of the hoof as if it had grown there. The horses become accustomed to wearing them and after a day or two experience no difficulty in working in them. By this means farmers are enabled to plow land in the spring where without the use of mud shoes horses would mire down.—Summer (Wash.) Herald.

Served Him Right.

A good story is told about a gentleman who lives in Brooklyn and crosses at Fulton ferry nearly every day. He is much persecuted by the bore who always accosts you on a ferryboat in midstream with the stereotyped question, "Ah! are you going across?"

The other day one of these demons hooked on to the Brooklyn man as usual and said: "Hello, old man! Going to York?"

"No, sir," he replied promptly. "I am going to hit you on the nose."

And he did amid the cheers of the crowd.—Texas Siftings.

La Duse's Portrait.

A photograph of Eleanor Duse now on exhibition attracts constant attention. The picture is far removed both in expression and costume from the ordinary actress. The hair, guileless of curl or bang, looks decidedly "tousled," a straight, disheveled lock straying across the forehead. The face is neither young nor beautiful and is ineffably sad. The dark, melancholy eyes look wearily away from the beholder. Mme. Duse wears a high black gown without ornament.—Philadelphia Press.

An Expression For Slowness.

A Washington youngster has succeeded in adding to the already numerous phrases that are used to emphasize an impression of slowness. He was waiting for his sister to finish something on which she was engaged. After a time his patience was exhausted, and he exclaimed:

"Won't you please hurry up? You are slower than a snail with the rheumatism."—Washington Star.

Confirmed bachelors will do well to read Dr. Benjamin Rush's definition of life without a wife, written not long before his death. "Celibacy," he said, "is a pleasant breakfast, a tolerable dinner, but a very bad supper."

There is a fire in a tenement. The excited crowd throw the crockery and glassware out of the window from the fourth story; the mattresses are brought down to the ground floor in their arms.

The most curious book in the world was neither written nor printed. The letters in its pages were cut from blue tissue paper, which was afterward pasted on cardboard.

Correspondence holds a double power, inasmuch as the pen that can comfort and cheer and elevate may become the weapon that wounds and destroys.

In the case of money finding is having in law, but money is the only personal property the title of which passes with the possession.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder—No Ammonia, No Alum.
Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard

A WOMAN.

LOUIS LONGENOTTI KILLED BY MRS. REEVES IN DALLAS.

The Plucky Woman Averages Her Wrongs by Shooting the Man She Says Slandered Her—Story of Alleged Circumstances Leading to the Killing.

Special to the Statesman.

DALLAS, May 27.—At 6:45 this morning Louis Longenotti was shot to death on Griffin street near the corner of Collin, directly across the street from the residence of Capt. J. W. Record. Mrs. Lillian Reeves held the revolver and pulled the trigger. She did her work well. Six shots were fired and six took effect. Captain Record rushed across the street and seized Mrs. Reeves and disarmed her. The pistol, a 38-calibre Smith & Wesson, is now in his possession and all the chambers are empty.

Deputy sheriff Sloan Lewis happened along and Mrs. Reeves was taken into custody and escorted to the county jail. The neighbors, attracted by the shots, rushed to the scene of the tragedy. Longenotti was taken to the residence of Charles A. Simpson, 207 Griffin street where he has roomed for two or three weeks past. The body was afterward removed to Link's undertaking establishment to await telegrams from relatives of deceased.

Louis Longenotti was an Italian 35 years old and has been in Dallas four months. He was employed as night bartender by George A. Loomis & Co., and came from Memphis. He was a bartender at the Peabody hotel, Memphis, before coming to Dallas, and has a brother in that city. The Longenottis of Texarkana, are relatives of the deceased. G. B. Boero, a wealthy fruit dealer of San Antonio, is a brother-in-law. Another brother resides in Denver. Longenotti was small in stature, swarthy complexion, with dark hair, dark eyes and dark mustache. He was slightly bald and a good dresser. His relatives were wired the news of his death and requested to state what disposition should be made of the body, which is now lying at the undertakers.

Mrs. Lillian Reeves, the woman who sent the soul of Longenotti bounding into eternity, is not yet 20 years old. She is a dark, rather handsome brunette and fairly intelligent. She is the widow of Conductor Frank Reeves, who met his death while in the service of the Texas and Pacific railroad a year ago last April and now has a suit for damages pending against the company. She is the daughter of Mr. Jas. Crony, a car inspector in the Missouri, Kansas and Texas yards. Mrs. Crony and daughter run a large railway boarding house at 207 Griffin street. The family have resided in Dallas four years and are well known to railroad men. W. F. Luffman said to your reporter: "I have known Mrs. Reeves and her parents for years. They are hard working and upright people and held in high esteem by all who know them. Mrs. Reeves is a hard working and excellent woman. J. C. Burns said: "No better people live in the world." Mrs. Reeves and her parents are given flattering send offs by others who were interviewed by the reporter.

The motive for the killing was easily ascertained. Longenotti roomed at Mrs. Rooney's several weeks, and Mrs. Reeves became the object of the marked attentions of the Italian. They were not reciprocated. The lady spurned him. He insulted her and was driven from her home. He then circulated slanderous stories reflecting upon her chastity. He persisted in traducing her character. Many people in the neighborhood, it is said, will testify to this fact. "Curley," the flagman at the Texas and Pacific crossing, says that Longenotti on several occasions in conversation with him grossly assailed the character of an inoffensive woman. In fact the talk of Longenotti was so vile that the flagman would not listen and walked away. These stories reached the ears of Mrs. Reeves and her relatives. In fact Longenotti intended that they should. He talked loudly and violently and beastly within hearing distance of the residence of Mrs. Reeves and her parents. This morning Mrs. Reeves stepped out to the sidewalk to get a pitcher of milk and Longenotti came along on his way from work. He roams in the building just one door north of the Crony establishment. He insulted Mrs. Reeves again and she promptly avenged her wrongs and her honor by shooting the slanderer to death.

This is the story as detailed by those in possession of the facts.

A Popular Remedy.

The promptness and certainty of its cures have made Chamberlain's Cough Remedy famous. It is intended especially for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough, and is the most effective remedy known for these diseases. Mr. C. B. Main of Union City, Pa., says: "I have a great sale of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I warrant every bottle, and have never heard of one failing to give entire satisfaction." 50 cent bottles for sale by Dr. J. J. Tobin, druggist.

A TOUGH CHARACTER.

Leader of the San Ygnacio Massacre Pleads Guilty to Everything.

Special to The Statesman.

SAN ANTONIO, May 30.—Maximo Martinez, the Mexican who is charged with being responsible for the massacre of Mexican soldiers and other outrages committed at San Ygnacio last December, appeared before Judge Mrxey in the United States circuit court here this morning and gave bond in the sum of \$2500 for his appearance at trial this term of court upon the charge of violation of the neutrality laws. Immediately after he was released he was re-arrested upon an extradition warrant issued at the instance of the Mexican government. This warrant charges Martinez with having committed the crimes of murder, arson, kidnapping and robbery at San Ygnacio, Mex. The prisoner was taken before United States Commissioner Price and pleaded guilty to all of the charges. As a mere formality the commissioner is taking the testimony of a number of witnesses in behalf of the Mexican government. This testimony will be submitted to Secretary Gresham to aid him in reaching a conclusion. It develops on the trial that Martinez was a captain in Garza's so-called army.

SPRINGFIELD, O., May 24, 1892.

Messrs. Lippman Bros., Savannah, Ga.: GENTLEMEN—I was a little reluctant about taking hold of P. P. E. when your Mr. Parsons was here about a year ago from the fact that was the leader in blood remedies but your judicious method of advertising has reversed the situation, and I now sell five bottles of P. P. E. to one of — I have just given Mr. Parsons another order for 15 dozen. Please give it your prompt attention. Best, the Druggist.

Serious Results of a Bull Fight.

MADRID, May 30.—During a bull fight at Getafe yesterday a crowd of men and boys invaded the ring and worried the bulls. Two young men were gored to death and many others injured.

Do not forget the Bargain Store, and get 10 yards of figured satines for \$1.

Ten yards figured satines for \$1 at the Bargain Store.

Logan H. Roots Dead.

LITTLE ROCK, May 30.—Col. Logan H. Roots died at 1:45 P. M. today of congestion of the brain. Deceased was a congressman in 1874. Later served as a national Republican committeeman. Was many years prominent in financial and political affairs of the state.

Railroad Sold.

BIRMINGHAM, May 30.—Special Master Fred S. Ferguson yesterday sold the East and West railroad of Alabama to Eugene Kelley of New York.

Our French xGandies 10 yards for \$1.25 is what you want for a nice dress. At the Bargain Store.

Towels 25c each, all linen, at the Bargain Store.

Russell Sage.

The well known business writer: 505 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, Dec. 23, 1890.

For the past 20 years I have been using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. They have repeatedly cured me of rheumatism and pains in my side and back. Whenever I have a cold, one on my chest and back speedily relieve me. My family are never without them. RUSSELL SAGE.

BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

Everything Looking to Our Guests Interests Being Satisfactorily Arranged.

A STATESMAN reporter was informed yesterday by Mr. John Peeler of the bureau of information and public welfare that he was hard at work finishing up his arrangements looking to the interest of Austin's guests during the regatta. He has taken around agreements and had them signed by hotel keepers, barber shops and livery men not to increase the price of lodging, shaving and livery during the regatta. He has also taken steps looking to the prompt squelching of any attempted extortion at the hands of the street hacks. There will be a bureau of information established in the Radam building, where all strangers are welcome to ask for any assistance within the power of the committee. There will be a large blackboard kept in this room, on which will be placed the names of boarding houses, their location, price, etc., so that any stranger can be given intelligent instruction where to go and what he may expect when he gets there.

Chairman Peeler says he has heard from a number of boarding houses up to date but there are still a number of houses that have not as yet sent in their names. These he desires to hear from immediately. Under the management of Mr. Peeler the committee will exhaust every means looking to the interest of our guests, and you may rest assured Austin will entertain royally and at the lowest figures.